What Language Did Jesus Speak?

Messrs. T. & T. Clark of Edinburgh have published an English translation of the book entitled "The Words of Jesus," by Gustaf Dalman, professor of theology in the University of Leipzig. The author, who s one of the most distinguished Orientalists in Europe, begins by setting forth the reasons for believing that Jesus spoke the Galilean dialect of the Aramaic language, and then proceeds to discuss from his point of view the meaning of the utterances attributed to Jesus in the synoptic Gospels. The evidence for the primary hypothesis is of several kinds. Prof. Dalman adduces, for example, the custom which in the second century after Christ was represented as very ancient, of translating into Aramaic the text of the Hebrew Pentateuch in the synagogues of the Hebraists of Palestine. By Hebraists the author desires to distinguish from the Hellenistic Jews who spoke Greek, those who spoke, not Hebrew, but Aramaic. Attention is next directed to the Aramaic title for classes of the people in Palestine, and for feasts-titles that are attested by Josephus and the New Testament. Thus the words for pharisee, priest, high priest Passiver, Pentecost and Sabbath used by Josephus and by the authors of the New Then, again, there are traditions dating from a period considerably antecedent to thrist that John Hyrcanus heard in the corner the darned stuff was in? anctuary a divine voice speaking in the Aramaic language, and that in the temple legends on the tokens for the drink ofering, and on the chests in which the

were in Aramaic. Moreover, there are old official documents in the Aramaic language. ese include, first, the "Roll Concernng Fasts" a catalogue of days on which fasting was forbidden, first compiled in the time of the rising against the Romans, 66.70 A. D., and, secondly, the Epistles of Gamaliel II. (about 110 A. D.) to the Jews of South Judea, Galilee and Babylon. Both these documents were destined for the Jewish people, and, primarily, indeed, for those of Palestine. A like inference as to the use of Aramaic in Palestine may be drawn from the language of the public documents relating to purchase, lease tenure, debt, conditional betrothal, refusal of marriage, marriage contract, divorce and renunciation of levirate marriage. The Mishna gives the decisive formulæ of these documents, which were important for securing legal validity for the most part, though not always in Aramaic, thus implying that this was the language commonly in use. Cumulative testimony is furnished by the unquestioned adoption, in the time of Jesus, of the Aramaic characters in place of the old Hebrew in copies of the Bible text. The change of character naturally presupposes a change of language. Stress is laid by Prof. Dalman on the facts that the Judaism of the second century of our era possessed the Bible text only in "Assyrian," i. e., Aramaic handwriting, and that even the Alexandrian or Sepuagint translation had been based upon Hebrew texts in this character. It has further been observed by students of the Talmud that the syntax and the vocabulary of the Hebrew of the Mishna prove themelves to be the creation of Jews who thought in Aramaic. We observe, finally, that it

contributions of the faithful were deposited

era for writers to call the Aramaic "Hebrew " Josephus, indeed, showed himself quite capable of distinguishing the language and written character of the "Syrians" from those of the "Hebrews." Nevertheless, between Hebrew and Aramaic words he makes no difference. The "Hebrew" in which Josephus addresses the people of Jerusalem-the incident is recounted in his history of the Jewish war against the Romans-is even called by him his paternal tongue, though in the circumstances nothneant by the "Hebrew tongue Paul spoke to the people of Jerusalem (Acts, xxi., 40; xxii., 2), and in which Jesus spoke to Paul (Acts, xxvi., 14). Hellenistai, and Hebraioi were the names, according to Acts, vi., 1, of the two parts of the Jewish people as divided by language. But, if it were possible to characterize Aramaic as Hebrew, it is clear that Aramaic was the everyday speech of the Jewish people in the first century of our era; in so far, at least, as it was not Greek.

was customary in the first century of our

In Prof. Dalman's opinion the facts adduced do not justify us in drawing a distinction between Judea and Galilee, as if Hebrew was at least partially a spoken language in the former region. That Aramaic had at least a distinct predominance in Judea may be inferred with certainty from the place names in Jerusalem and its environs. The author of this book can find no ground for the belief expressed by another Orientalist that Hebrew was the language of the mother of Jesus, inasmuch as she belonged to South Palestine.

There is even less ground for supposing hat Hebrew was the vernacular in Galilee. During the rising of the Maccabees the lewish population in Galilee was so inconsiderable that Simon, about 163 B. C., had no other means of protecting them from their ill-disposed neighbors than by transporting them to Judea. John Hyrcanus (B. C. 135-105) appears later to have conquered Galilee and to have forced its inhabitants into conformity to Judaism; but, under the circumstances, the Hebrew language was not to be looked for. What s true of Galilee in general is true of little Nazareth in particular, to which has been wrongly attributed an isolation from intercourse with the outer world. As a matter of fact, Nazareth had on the one side Sippori (Sepphoris), the then capital of Galilee, and on the other, in close proximity, the cities of Yapha and Kesaloth, and it lay on the important highway of commerce that led from Sepphoris to the plain of Megiddo and onward to Cæsarea. Our author points out that the actual discourses of Jesus in no way give the im pression that He had grown up in solitude and seclusion. It is merely true that He, like the Galileans generally, would have little contact with literary erudition. The fact implies that from this side he did not come into contact with the Hebrew language. The Aramaic was the mother tongue of the Galileans, as of the people of Gaulonitis: and, according to Josephus, natives of Syria were able to understand From all these considerations the conclusion is drawn that Jesus grew up speaking the Aramaic tongue, and that He would be obliged to speak Aramaic to His disciples and to the people in order to be understood. Of Him, least of all, who desired to preach the Gospel to the poor, or, in ther words, to people that stood aloof from the pedagogic methods of the scribes, s it to be expected that He would have

Stories by Josephine Daskam.

furnished His discourse with the superflu-

here are seven tales in "Middle-Aged ove Stories, "by Josephine Daskam (Charles Subner's Sons). They are vivacious and compact. The dialogue would do to

use on the stage. In the story called "The Valley of the Shadow," where Belden says to the nurse, just arrived on the train: "Would you not better give me the checks?" we wish that he might have been moved to inquire instead: "Had you not better give me the checks?" Still, his language was particularly his own affair; he had the right to battle with the idioms if he wished. We, ourselves, find a relief in contemplating the nurse later: "A light step sounded on the stair. The nurse appeared on the lower landing. She was dressed in cool blue gingham; the straps of her apron marked the firm, broad lines of her bust and shoulder." Nothing artificial and finical and in the way of nice reform about that. As to whether afterward there was anything between Belden and Miss Wood less aloof and formal than is suggested in his inquiry concerning her checks, we leave it to the

reader to find out from the story. In the story called "A Philanthropist," he reader will possibly feel some sympathy for a philosophical character with a grievance. Says the philosophical character, with a certain thickness of speech: "Guv'nor, I come here an' I asked for a meal. An' she told me would I work for it? An' I said yes. An' she come into this ol' vault of a suller, an' she pointed to that ol' heap o' wood, an' she told me ter move it over to that corner. An' I done so fer half an restament, are not Hebrew, but Aramaic, hour. An' I says to that blitherin' fool over there, who was workin' in that ol' woodhouse, what the devil did she care wich

"An' he says that she didn't care a hang, but that she'd tell the next man that come along to move it back to where I got it from; he said 'twas a matter er principle with her not to give a man a bite fer nothin'! So I shut him in his ol' house. an' w'en she come down I gave her a piece of my mind. I don't mind a little work, mister, but when it come to shufflin' kindlin's round in this ol' tomb fer half an hour an' makin' a fool o' myself fer nothin'. I got my back up. My time ain't so vallyble to me as 'tis to some, guv'nor, but it's worth a damn sight more'n that!" Anything like a complete explanation we occasionally regard as unnecessary and wrong, and we forbear from saving anything about the love part of this story, or about the perverted sentiment expressed by one of the chief characters "Better fifty years of poker than a cycle of croquet.

The story called "A Reversion to Type" tells of the "German assistant" (in Smith College, perhaps), evidently a nice girl, hardly old enough, we should think, to be called middle-aged, who remembered a hallowed winter passed in Germany seven years before, a winter in which she had known Hermann, whose beard was so brown and whose brown eyes were so faithful, and who used to sing-it is not told exactly how he used to sing, but we find the German assistant asking herself "Why there were no bass voices in the States." We shall not say whether or not now, at the end of seven years, she wrote to Hermann, and waited with a strange tension for a letter with a German postage stamp on it, or whether such a letter ever came, or whether, in the event that there was no letter, there did come "a tall, eager man" who stood in "the litte reception room" at the end of the story "with outstretched hands," and who may have been

In "A Hope Deferred" we have a mellow old Frenchman who had been teaching for twelve years in America and who was ill with homesickness. Miss Sabina, his landlady, good angel, saved him. She had dreamed all her life of a journey to Europe in which she should behold Melrose Abbey and the Strand and the Alps. Now, with the money which she had painfully spared to defray the expense of this heavenly journey she sent M. Sylvestre Laroche "Irregular Verbs a Specialty. Conversation Classes Formed") to breathe for ten weeks the vital air of his own France. When he came back and found her touching in the Johannine Gospel, the Aramaic terms softly the yellow keys of her venerable Bethesda, Golgotha and Rabbouni are called "Hebrew." Aramaic, too, must be "Believe me, were all those endearing "Believe me, were all those endearing dropped the last of his attire, stretched young charms," we trust that he had a his six feet of nakedness and disappeared is a description of it and me think the realizing sense" of what had been done into the bathroom. John howled and beat for him. An admirably sentimental story, duly buttressed and sustained with saving

In "Julia the Apostate" we make the pleasant acquaintance of an old maid who was "wise" to prefer a house in Connecticut to a flat in the city. She liked ham and griddle cakes for breakfast rather than rolls and coffee. We believe that we are qualified to understand her italicized remark: "I could not live without a cellar! Upon the incidental point that she married her cousin, Lorando Bean, a portly and explicit gentleman who had made his pile in the West, we need not dwell. It is hardly reasonable to think that she was bound to go on chaperoning her two nieces for ever. The younger of these was almost 29, and we must confess to some sympathy in the matter of Mr. Bean's inquiry: "When will they be considered safe to go almost alone?" As to whether a flat is desirable above a house precisely for the reason that it has no cellar and no garret, we leave t for those to determine who feel that they are really able to settle a question of the sort. For the opinion of Aunt Julia we must say that we have every respect. She was more than 29, and it may be that wisdom comes to one particularly after that age. Any way, the nieces, who had esthetic tastes which they had cultivated to the limit that their flat allowed; could not but perceive, in the respect of the house in Connecticut, that "the very tidies on the geometrically arranged chairs, the bright rag rugs on the floor, the biscuits and preserves consecrated to their New England tea-yes, even the insistent shirtsleeves of cousin Lorando Bean, were

lighted by a halo of content." Stories with "atmosphere," as the critical lingo goes, but more particularly vivacious and amusing stories calculated to afford to the reader that agreeable satisfaction which he has the right to expect.

An Hour With a Philosopher.

As we look into "The Reflections of a Lonely Man," by A. C. M. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago), we must think that the nan in question was not altogether lonely. He had for companions at least his eaten dinner and his pipe, and these are excellent company, presupposing a good digestion and a natural agreement with obacco. "When a man has just been well fed and sits in the easy comfort of his smoking jacket and slippers he likes to toy a while with thought before he settles down to the serious business of thinking. * * Secure in his cos ness, the Lonely Man lights his briar pipe." There he is, with the most considerate company in the world. It is reassuring to be told that he will toy with thought for a while, and will not attempt a profound penetration of

the mysteries immediately after dinner. The gas fire occupies his unstrenuous thought. He sees advantages in it. He does not have to put on a log. This sort of fire could burn a million years with no ous and, to the hearers, perplexing embellishment of the Hebrew form? M. W. H. pernicious result of deforestation. He does not say so, but we are satisfied that he cannot contradict. Smoking seems to him "the most delicate, refined and intellectual of physical pleasures." We should not wonder if this had been said anything but an 'action tale,' he will be

be that the tobacco chewer is prepared to take issue with the essayist. This is not to deny the right of the Lonely Man to extol his pipe. It is pleasant to enter with him into a recognition of the rich brown beauty of its generous bowl and the deep indentations of its mouthpiece, proof

of long service and ripe and mellow flavor. matter of imagination." This explains the satisfaction found by a boy in a roll of sweet fern or a cutting of rattan. It is well | who were inside this memorable house, at known that a boy who has stained the paper covering of his sweet fern cigar with a thick | the excitement and stress of the conflict. solution of chocolate, in simulation of the color of a tobacco cigar, has provided himthe smoke ascending from a pipe there is seems to us to have been all that the ex-"a beauty of figure, color, and motion. In the outlines there is nothing that could offend the most æsthetic taste. There are no glaring colors here to offend the artist's eye; there are no clumsy movements to disturb the dreamer's soul." If the pipe draws well there is no accursed noise; smoking fortunately conducted is a perfectly silent pleasure. Supposing the tobacco to be good, the smell is agreeable the story. An unusually well-written

to those who like it. In his several chapters the philosopher considers the advantage of loneliness, and discourses of books, doctors, idealism, language, government, the search for satfaction and the release from pain. He employs irony when he comes to speak of the study of foreign languages. He says: "You should study French, Italian, Spanish, and a few other languages: for you may go some day to one of the countries in which these languages are spoken, and want to order a meal and hear the waiter laugh at your French or German or whatever it happens to be. You will never learn to speak a foreign language like a native, and as well as you should be able to speak your own, unless you go to the country of that language and stay there for life-and not even then unless you are the one example in a thousand exceptions. But you may learn enough of the foreign language to betray your nationality by speaking it, and you will also pick up a few phrases which you can conveniently throw into anything you happen to write when you do not know exactly what you want to say. These phrases will look well and will have all the charm of the unknown to the majority of your readers." Thus does our philosopher sneer at a delight of scholars. But we hardly look for an utter overthrow of the linguists from this. "Es muss auch solche Kauze sein." We beg the

essayist's pardon.

An Ingenuous Story of Harvard. We have a story of Harvard University "The Land of Joy," by Ralph Henry Barbour (Doubleday, Page & Co.). An extract from Butler, to the effect that youth walks with swift feet and that the land of joy lies all before his eyes, is printed on the title page, and indicates the dominating sentiment of the tale. Surely they are happy people whose history, athletic, recreative and sentimental, is recorded here. It requires no dragging by oxen to bring John North and Phillip Ryerson to the point of falling profoundly and exclusively, and once for all time, in love. They do this momentous thing, and do it, without question, most reasonably and wisely, while you might be saying Jack Robinson. Phillip surrenders his honorable and trustworthy Virginian heart in two minutes at a football match, and John falls prostrate before a photograph, a confoundedly risky thing to do, as those with faulty intuitions might think. John and his room-mate. Davy. gambol like bear cubs in their sumptuous apartment (it must be that they sounded like Jupiter thundering to anybody in the room below), and Phillip thumps a Boston expressman with no resulting harm to himself-a happy outcome upon which we should not advise every slender stripling in search of an education to count in his between John and Davy. Davy has

upon the door. "'Come out, you hard-hearted brute! Come out and I'll-I'll lick you.' "There was no sound from beyond the locked portal but the rushing of water

from the taps. " 'Coward!' taunted John

" 'Worm!'

"White-livered covote!" "The taps were turned off, and there followed an awesome splash Then it rained water for a moment beyond the door; afterward there was a steady churning sound, as from the wheel of a Sound steamer. John tried cajolery.

'Davy! Dear Davy! Booful Davy! " 'Go 'way!' yelled the bather.

" 'Please don't be angry, Davy!" And so on. We believe it to be realism. though we can not be quite sure about it till we hear from Mr. Howells. The story carries us to Virginia, and provides us there with a very pleasant domestic picture But here are Phillip and Betty in Boston:

" 'Are your eyes closed tight, Phil?'

" 'Yes. " 'Honest? · 'Honest.

· 'Phil!'

" 'Yes. Betty-dear Betty!" " 'I do love you, Phil! Oh, your eyes,

" 'Betty, I can't---'

" 'You promised,' she whispered. 'Oh!' he groaned

" 'Are they closed now?'

"'Yes, Betty.' "'Very, very tight? Tighter than ever?

"'Yes: awfully tight, Betty!" With that she kissed him. Afterward.

on the stairs. "'What, Betty?'

"'I'm throwing you one!"

"Betty!" "'Good-night, Phil!" "'Good-night, Betty! God bless you, lear, dear Betty!' "Outside on the steps a snowflake settled

plunged exultantly into the storm. "It was glorious weather!" If we don't like it, surely there is something the matter with us. We shall fear miserably that we have grown old.

softly on Phillip's mouth. He gasped and

Germantown in a Good Historical Novel. Mrs. Henry Stark Howland, who writes under the name of "Kenyon West," says frankly of her novel "Cliveden" (Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston), that it is meant to be interesting rather than important. This is a refreshing sentiment for some of us who have been subjected to much fiction that did not offer to let us off easily. In novel reading it is agreeable, though it may be weak, to linger with something that is strictly a relaxation and a pleasure, with nothing formidable in the background. Just think of the different sorts of important fiction-naturalistic. realistic, symbolical, sensitive, purposive, and we have not the patience to enumerate

ness to a fiction that is less threatening? "If any one expects to find in this book

what else; what wonder if we are cowardly

enough to fly from it all with thankful-

This is just a little misleading; it is indeed a dramatic story, but it is also a story of a careful and nice literary quality. It is a tale of the Revolution. The scene centres in the house of Benjamin Chew, a charming house called "Cliveden," on the Germantown road. At the battle of Germantown the British made a fortress of this house. "The pleasure of smoking is largely a Mrs. Howland says: "It is hoped that the have patience with the mythical Murrays the time of the great battle, and endured The reader will have the kindest feelings for the Murrays, whatever may be the case self with one of the deepest joys which it | with the descendants of the Chews. We is possible for imagination to afford. In | do not hesitate to say that Margaret Murray cellent Capt. Peyton of the British Army thought her, though to say that is to say a good deal. Margaret showed her quality when the British came after her "rebel" brother, who bore intercepted letters from Lord Howe. She showed it on many occa-

sions afterward. But we shall not undertake even to suggest the numerous matters of interest in story, and one that the reader will be bound to like.

A Pirate in Petticoats. In "A Detached Pirate" (Little, Brown & Co.), by Helen Milecete, we have an ingenious and an entertaining story, told in a series of letters. These are written to a friend by a young woman who has just been divorced. She sets forth to seek adventure in the world, with £2,000 in cash, some stunning clothes and a pot of rouge, to be drawn upon in case of necessity. She described herself as a pirate to her friend and correspondent.

"The career of the black pirate has begun I don't want to kill any one, as pirates always do. I only want a little joy. I believe pirates only become such because they are bored and dull and lonely, and like the fun of chasing ships, not the horror of plundering them and killing the men when caught. And who am I going to chase?"

As a matter of fact, she proves to be an entirely amiable and attractive pirate, and her career is an altogether blameless one. She does not chase any one, though she herself is chased, with varying degrees of ardor, by several men. Hers is no record of gruesome crime upon the seas, with keelhaulings and marooning and walking of the plank, and beetle-browed gentlemen with cutlasses and tarry pigtails, and the Jolly Roger flying over all Instead of these orthodox materials of the good old piratical romance we have the adventures of the divorced young woman masquerading in society as a single girl. She is good to look upon and she has a nimble wit, and the story of her entanglements with an assortment of admirers is amusing and distinctly worth while

Just the Book for a Boy.

Mr. Edwin Sandys, the author of "Upland Game Birds," writes in a way to delight the heart of every healthy boy in "Trapper 'Jim' " (the Macmillan Company). Here is a yarn about outdoor life that treats of all the subjects that a boy is most interested in and in a cheery, wholesome, entertain-

ing way.

Jim is a quiet, fourteen-year-old boy who is taken in hand by his cousin Ned, a cheery chap who shoots and fishes and boxes and sets traps and stuffs birds and has a thorough and practical acquaintance with the very things a boy wants to know about. The young scholar and his instructor live in an old rectory in a Western country town within reach of woods and river and lake, and the story of their adventures is made up of chapters on traps and trapping, fishing for bass and pike, canoeing, camping, mounting and stuffing specimens, and an excellent little treatise on the noble art, while the illustrations own case. Here is a bit of conversation was one room in the old rectory which was known as the Morgue, and in which the any boy will agree with Jim's mentor that it was a "bully place."

"During work hours, when covers were off unfinished bits, one caught glimpses of hawks fighting or slaying quarry, of birds sleeping, preening their feathers and scratching their heads, and doing many other things which the playful whim or close observation of the lad had prompted There were squirrels busy at a glove fight in a roped arena; other squirrels fighting with clubs and stones; races with frogs riding rats; duelling mice; chipmunks laboring under huge burdens of beech nuts; a clambering turtle with a host of mice upon its shell; and many others in which smell creatures were playing at human tricks. In a corner hung a great bunch of steel traps, in another a lot of shooting gear, and below that a couple of gun cases. Rows of big nails supported dog-whips, pouches, bags, chains, wading boots, and many other things which sportsmen gather, including boxing gloves, foils, coils of fishing line, and a few hanks of white cord, the purpose of which was suggested by a half-finished hammock with the big netting needle thrust through the mesh. In a gauze-covered box were a lot of cocoons of various large moths and butterflies. while trunk-like boxes held various small skins and a pungent odor. There were walking shoes, tennis shoes, and some with corked spikes, which suggested speed, as an old toboggan, shinny stick, snow shoes and skates whispered of winter fun. In fine, the place was something akin to an arsenal for sporting war. yet redeemed from savagery by the writing appliances on the drawing table, with its board, boxes of colors, reducing glass, &c." Surely an ideal schoolroom this for a boy to take his lessons in.

Undine Done Over.

In the days long past Baron de Lamotte Fouqué's "Undine" and "Sintram" in translation were published in one volume That volume Mr. Frederic Werden Pangborn seems to have read, and from the two stories to have evolved "The Silent Maid" (L. C. Page & Co.). He tells the story simply, which is an excellent contrast to most of the pseudo-historical tales we are receiving. Yet he introduces nineteenth-century turns of sentiment. which his predecessor succeeded in avoiding, and for some reason or another he has jumbled Anglo-Saxon and modern German names in a very irritating way. It is a pleasant enough story, which people who have not read "Undine" will enjoy and think original.

A Blur on Browning.

So much care has been taken in the selection of biographers for the earlier volumes of the "English Men of Letters" series that it is difficult to understand how Mr. G. K. Chesterton came to be picked out to write the "Robert Browning" (Macmillans). Mr. Chesterton has achieved some notoriety in England as the writer of paradoxical newspaper articles. Some one has said justly of him that to attract public notice he not only stands upon his head but also cuts his throat while he is doing it. He is not only not incompetent to deal with an au-

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THE CURSE OF HYMEN

Inner Circles of New York Society appears TO-DAY in that famed quarterly magazine

brightest authors of the day.

would have supposed that he was, and it | Messrs. Macmillan. It is Mr. Charles Fredis difficult to believe that Mr. John Morley erick Holder's "Big Game Fishes of the can still be the real editor of a series for which Mr. Chesterton is asked to write. In his "Browning" he tries hard to repress himself, with the result that he is dull and pon, halibut, kingfish and scores more of flat, for the froth of which he is made is all blown off. He indulges in platitudes about poems which he does not understand and perhaps has not read. The book does not fit in a series for which Mark Pattison and Goldwin Smith and John Morley and Austin Dobson and Leslie Stephen and Huxley and Jebb have writ-

A Memorial to a Newspaper Man.

Newspaper men do not work for fame. Good and powerful though their writing may be, it disappears with them and is only known to their fellow workers. The late Edward P. Clark for years did excellent service for the Evening Post. It is with pleasure that we note that a little memorial volume about him is to be published by the Eagle Press, Brooklyn, under the title "A Soldier of Conscience." It will contain a portrait, a biographical sketch by his widow, addresses delivered at his funeral, and other tributes from newspapers and from the friends that knew him.

Other Books.

William Harrison Ainsworth is the third author represented in the Caxton thin paper series of famous novels published by George Newnes in London and imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. The story selected is not "Jack Sheppard," as might be expected, but "Old St. Paul's." The volume with its large, clear type, its limp covers and its convenient size for the pocket, is very attractive, and the reader who has the curiosity to explore a well-nigh forgotten corner of fiction will find that even the third-rate authors of half a century age wrote better English and more entertaining tales than most of the 100,000-copy notorieties of the day. Another timely volume of the "American

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United States," a subject that is sure to attract readers, irrespective of the merits of the book. Sea bass, bluefish, tuna, tarmarine fighters Mr. Holder tells of, verbosely, we regret to say, but with some knowledge. The book is not up to the level of the series, either from the literary or the fisherman's point of view. The pictures. too, are more sensational and less artistic than in the other books, and those in colors seem to us in every way a mistake. It is pleasant to note the number and

excellence of books about gardening and flowers that are being published, and not less pleasant to find that many of them are by women who can speak from their own experience. A practical help to the amateur horticulturist, whether her garden is a big one, with conservatory and hotbeds attached, or a single pot in a window, is Ida D. Bennett's "The Flower Garden. A Handbook of Practical Garden Lore (McClure, Phillips & Co.). It seems to answer every question that the tyro may ask, from preparing the soil and buying the seed to protecting the plants in winter. There are good lists of common names of flowers, of the time seeds take to germinate, and of the time when flowers bloom. The pictures are a blemish on the book. While some of plants and flowers are helpful. the greater number seem to be snapshots of a young woman in various gardening attitudes, that cast no light on how the reader is to accomplish what the model is supposed to be doing.

The experiment of publishing shor magazine stories separately is continued by the Macmillans with Mr. F. Marion Crawford's "Man Overboard," in a pretty little volume. The designation 'little novels for the stories, however, seems not quite accurate, and the biographical sketches inserted are too much like press agents' advertisements.

Many who have read about the recent theological tempest in Germany will be PUBLICATIONS.

Harper's Magazine for June. Eight short stories - Nature, science, literature, humor, childlife, travel, discovery, history.

Many pictures in color. HARPER'S BOOK NEWS

LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER

The great novel of the spring, Lady Kose's Daughter, is now, three months after publication, still the best selling novel in this country and in England. Time was when people bought large numbers of a book because it was by a great author. This time has long gone by; and while the great author is still sure of a certain sale-when the numbers run up above six figures the reason lies always in the story itself, and not in the writer. And here is a story for every class, for every age and for every time - a story vivid, intense, of breathless interest and persistent charm, appealing especially to the reader who reads for the story alone.

QUESTIONABLE SHAPES They are calling this new volume of Mr. Howells' his book of "Ghost Stories," and that seems rather a fair description. For Mr. Howells, by virtue of sincere and realistic style, leads one so gently into these strange realms of psychic occurrences that insensibly one finds himself regarding that land of the unknowable as quite a simple, worka day sort of world, not so strange nor far away after all. The stories go with a sweep which carries all before them.

THE LOVE OF MONSIEUR This is the title of the latest romance by George Gibbs, the author of "In Search of Mademoiselle." The book is a romance -not an historical novel. It deals with the fortunes of a man who by his own folly, and the impudence with which heengages in this folly and the bravery with which he faces the consequences, wins for him a place in our hearts. Mr. Gibbs has made a drawing of his own conception

of his hero which is reproduced as a frontispiece to the volume. THE REDFIELDS SUCCESSION In The Redfields Succession the authors of "Eastover Court

House" tell a good story of the love of two young people. The background depicts newspaper work in New York City and the outdoor life of a Virginia country estate. In the book stories of foxhunting, cross-country riding and other sports are told, which describe these pastimes with fidelity, life and color. There are many touches of humor and

the people in the story are alive. HARPER & BROTHERS,

Franklin Square, New York.

SECOND EDITION

"There is more in us than we think, as Travers said when he sat down on a pincushion."

More than a hundred of the leading newspapers and reviews in all parts of

By LYNN ROBY MEEKINS

Another edition has been called for. It sells steadily. It is being quoted. Papers which praised it are praising it again. "A charming story," said the Brooklyn Eagle last week. "No one will regret the time spent reading it," said Current Literaturs. Full of good fun, and interesting all the way through, say others. Just the story for summer reading. Illustrated. 352 pages. \$1.50.

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THROUGH HELL WITH HIPRAH HUNT, by

rich Delitzsch's two lectures on "Babel and Bible" in book form (Williams & Norgate; G. P. Putnam's Sons). The translation is edited with a preface by Mr. C. H. W. Johns of Cambridge University, who has also very recently edited the Code of King Hammurabi, which Prof. Delitzach quotes. Readers of THE SUN had the pleasure of reading the professor's second lecture

Continued on Eighth Page.